Book 3

Parent Teacher Day

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Chapter 1

Home

It was a Sunday morning.

Bruno's bedroom was an utter mess.

His bed was shuffled up, his blanket especially. His bed was like any other bed. He had a red blanket with sport-related balls on it. The bed base was also a container. In there, he kept all of his old worksheets only for memories. The worksheets and pictures date back to Grade 1!

Bruno is the type of kid whose sleep results in a messy bed. This is possibly because of his bad habit of eating too much before sleeping and watching a lot of TV. He even has a TV of his own in his bedroom. He either watches cartoons or plays video games, the former being the reason why his sleep is such a mess.

Right beside said TV is his bookshelf—or shelf. He never stored books on his bookshelf since he never read books himself. Books to him is a snorefest! The only books he ever read is a children's novel that Alex frequently reads during class: PomPom and the Wonderful Earth.

Bruno also owns a computer, but he doesn't use it too often. He has a computer desk to himself in his room. It's brown, stiff, wooden and has a lamp. Some nights, he writes in his diary in secret on the desk.

Bruno woke up with his snoring nose shutting up.

The boy noticed the mess of a bed and sighed. He knew his mother would nag him about the tidiness of the bedroom, so he fixed it up.

He tipped out of his room and into the bathroom to brush his teeth.

There, he noticed how silent the house had become. It's odd as his family members always woke up before him.

With his minty mouth being washed out, a scream got out.

"Bruno Ray!".

Bruno sighed. He knew who was it.

He pulled his head to view through the door.

"Yes, mom?", he was about to cry.

His mother stepped in, so was his brother. They looked upset about something. What was it? Did Bruno happen to yell into his brother's face? Did Bruno happen to write about how "pretty" his mother's friend is? Did Bruno happen to insult his father's workplace by sleep-talking?

"Did you forget about something?", his mother said in an aggressive tone. Her foot was constantly stomping impatiently.

"About what?", Bruno asked. Clearly, he forgot about something important. Perhaps it was an anniversary… or…

"The Parent Teacher Meeting! You **have** to come!", his mother yelled, shoving the paper right into her son's face.

Bruno remembered by then. How could he forget? Was he really that forgetful of a boy? "Right! Sorry mom!", Bruno chuckled while apologizing. His mother didn't take that lightly, but walked away with the apology. Meanwhile, his brother was giving him the "stare".

“Thank you for yelling at me last night”, he passive-aggressively said. The boy hopped away.

“So I was right about Piper!”, Bruno snapped his finger. He was so proud that he guessed it right that he almost forgot about the meeting the second time!

Bruno ran back to shower. Getting soap into his eye is karma for forgetting about a school meeting!

Once Bruno is done with his bathroom business, he ran to his room and gets dressed up in his signature outfit, ditching his pajamas.

Then, he ran downstairs with his tails between his legs as he’s starting to run late. His other family members were already prepped and in the car!

He quickly wore his shoes, clumsily tied his laces and rushed out of the door, almost forgetting to close it.

His adrenaline was rushing.

Phew!

He reached the car!

“Finally!”, his father sighed. Bruno sighed alongside his father as he closed the main gate of the house. The car drove away to the school to meet up with Bruno’s teachers—later Piper’s.

Chapter 2

Teacher's Room

Back in school, there contains a teacher's room, only reserved for the teachers, unless students have any inquires or needs for the teachers. Staff members can enter as well.

Each class has their own class/homeroom teacher. Class 2's is obviously Mrs. Garcia. She's close friends with the other homeroom teachers. Each homeroom teacher actually doesn't teach the other classes at all. They're only for their respective classes. In Grade 8, all the homeroom teachers are English teachers.

The teacher's room is full of random belongings to the teachers, ranging from class items, to personal pictures, to even food! Most of the Time, the teachers check on their work there once they don't have any lessons.

The meeting was separated into classes, and it was Class 2's Time, which means Mrs. Garcia was busy.

The four homeroom teachers were waiting and talking in the room.

"So, did everyone get those test papers ready?", a woman asked.

She was beautiful according to her students. She was wearing a leafy green dress that had flower patterns. She was even wearing a flower herself—a daisy to be specific. The woman had thin but long eyelashes too. Her hair was straight, long and blonde, and oh so pretty! She looked more like a model than a teacher!

“I did, but Garcia and Mumbo didn’t do it yet”, a man said. He had a deep accent.

Another man roared. “How many Times do I have to say it?!”, the man yelled. “My name is Mando, not Mumbo!”.

The other man roared his eyes. He was wearing a suit and tie and was elegant. His accent was harshly posh and deep.

The roaring man, on the other hand, was wearing a vest similar to Mrs. Garcia. He also had a moustache that matched an Italian’s.

“Well, I won’t blame your students for calling you Mumbo! Your name is a bit… unusual”, Mrs. Garcia stated. Mando was furious but kept his cool as he always should. This obviously isn’t new for Mando.

“Still, they should call me Mr. Mando”, Mr. Mando said. “Why are you even calling me Mumbo when you know my name?”, Mando turned his head to the fancy man.

“I just find it funny”, the man shrugged it off.

The dressed lady then remembered something, but forgot about it at the same time!

“Erm… what was it?”, she whispered to herself.

“What is it?”, Mrs. Garcia asked, leaning towards the lady.

Before the lady was about to speak, a silhouette of a man appeared. The silhouette was rough and far, but still noticeable.

“Hello”, it said. Strangely enough, the shadow was still there, and it’ll forever be there.

Another strange fact is how Mrs. Garcia instantly knew who the silhouette resembled. “Oh dear! Hello Ulysses!”, Mrs. Garcia greeted, waving her arm.

“Ulysses?”, the lady asked. The other teachers noticed the shadow figure.

“You know Sylvia, right?”, Mrs. Garcia asked. The lady nodded. “Well, she’s got a brother, and he’s it!”.

The teachers humped their head and understood who was that.

“Hello then!”, the magnificent lady greeted. The figure was still far away.

“I’ve heard how incredible your sister has been in French. Say, would you translate a sentence or two?”, the man asked.

Mando was suspicious of the figure, though. It’s strange to him how the man never moved. He was thinking and thinking of what could be really going on. It couldn’t be simply Ulysses. The figure must be more than Ulysses.

“Of course I can, Mr. Barley”, the figure said in the mere distance.

“Ulysses, would you mind stepping in? I think you’re way into the darkness!”, the lady requested.

Ulysses stepped into the darkness.

“Hm. Strange how Ulysses knows my name, yet I and Sylvia aren’t close enough that she’d talk about me to her own brother”, Mr. Barney said to himself, rubbing his chubby chin.

Mr. Mando realized what was going on.

The figure revealed a lavish suit with a bowtie, but something seemed off about the guy… He had the exact same eye shape of a student, a student in Class 3 to be specific. The man even had a bracelet that

seemed familiar to Mr. Mando, which is not a surprise as Mr. Mando is the homeroom teacher of Class 3. He'd definitely know his students well, even if it's been only 2 weeks.

But at the same Time… the man looked so similar to Ulysses that his eye shape didn't matter much to fool the others.

"Wow, you look so… glamorous!", the lady giggled while blushing.

Mrs. Garcia gave the lady an odd look. "Delilah, you really missed out on meeting Ulysses", Mrs. Garcia chuckled.

"Indeed", Ulysses replied.

"Ulysses, do you know what happened to Peppermint?", Mr. Mando asked in the middle of the conversation. He was tapping his toes just to try to find out if this guy was really Ulysses or a fraud.

"Oh, Peppermint! She's off to visit her sister in another town now", Ulysses said. Then he froze. He was about to be caught for something! The man was sweating and shivering. He was as frozen as a lollipop on a Greenland winter. It's clever of Mr. Mando to ask, as there's no way a staff member would even know where Peppermint went off to for the weekend, let alone the sibling of a staff member.

"How would you know that, Ulysses?", Mr. Mando asked.

Ulysses turned red.

"What do you mean, Mr. Mumbo?", Mr. Barley asked.

Mr. Mando got into a rage. "For the last Time!", Mr. Mando yelled before finding that Ulysses was ready to attack Mrs. Garcia.

"Mrs. Garcia! Wait!", Mr. Mando shouted.

Bam!

He shielded Mrs. Garcia from the attack from Ulysses, who was in the air! Everyone fell from the impact of the jump. Ulysses got up and got away, scratching Mr. Mando's face.

"Grr!", Mr. Mando growled at Ulysses. He was about to get up but fell in an injury.

The other teachers got up and gasped.

"You'll pay for this!", Mr. Barney yelled as he threw a nearby stapler at the running Ulysses. He slammed the door shut as he left.

"Mrs. Garica… your class… th-they need you…", Mr. Mando told Mrs. Garcia slowly. She opened her eyes, then widely. After getting up, she turned determined and walked out of the room, making out a 'stay safe' gesture at the other teachers.

The other teachers walked to Mr. Mando, watching him gasp a breath.

"You two… walk away…", Mr. Mando commanded the teachers.

The two were in a state of concern for their fellow teacher. They may think Mr. Mando is a ridiculous man, but he never deserves this—nor does anyone.

However, the two continued their day and walked to another staff room, supposedly calling for help while Mrs. Garcia commits on the meeting.

Chapter 3

The Meeting

Outside of the teacher's room lies Mr. Gregory's office. That's where the main meeting is held.

Parents would go there to find reports of their children or child. Most of the Time, the child gets the mild report of them being a good boy or girl. In that day, the office was packed full of children and their parents. Specifically, those in Class 2.

The first in line are oddly Bruno's parents.

Yes, the children are left in the hall. The large, green hall for multi-purposes.

The parents were waiting in the office with Mr. Gregory. They looked sore and tired. Their patience was starting to fade away as the Time ticks. Mrs. Garcia is supposed to come, yet, she came extremely late. 10 minutes late. No, 20 minutes late!

"Ergh. Mrs. Garcia's supposed to come now!", Mr. Gregory panicked. He tipped his chin, looking at the clock on the brick wall.

"What's the meaning of this?!", Bruno's father yelled.

"Ah! I can explain!", Mr. Gregory stuttered back.

At that moment, Mrs. Garcia came. Lucky for Mr. Gregory. He was about to be hit by Bruno's father!

"Hello, hello! Sorry for coming late!", Mrs. Garcia chuckled.

The parents raised their eyebrows and tipped their toes on the ground. Mrs. Garcia took a glance at Mr. Gregory, then a full look at him. He seemed furious about Mrs. Garcia coming late. It's odd for her since she usually comes early for everything.

"Well,", Mrs. Garcia clapped. "Let's get onto the report, shall we?".

"Er—yes!", Mr. Gregory agreed. He took a turn to look at the mad parents who calmed down afterward.

The report was… adequate. It's to be expected as it has been a couple of weeks or less. Bruno's performance was good enough to label him as an average student as well. As expected for any child Bruno's age, he was horrid at Math. To be fair, Alex is the only student who've ever gotten a good report on Math in the class. Still, Bruno's parents were furious.

"… I think that is all", Mrs. Garcia said.

The four looked at each other in strange silence.

"By the way, where are the children?", Mrs. Garcia asked.

Mr. Gregory lit up. "Oh! They're in the hall. Actually, these parents are the first pair to have come in for the class", Mr. Gregory explained.

Mrs. Garcia was shell shocked about this. It was 11 AM at the Time of the report, so the last parents to get their report was in 4 PM. Mrs. Garcia couldn't believe the system was like that.

"Mr. Gregory, do you even realize how long each parent will take?!", Mrs. Garcia yelled. She shut her mouth instantly. She was always afraid to talk back to Mr. Gregory. His tantrums were unrivaled.

However, Mr. Gregory took the yell lightly and smiled, but not a warm one. It was odd. Creepy even. “Don’t worry. Every parent will take only 10-20 minutes from now on. The only reason why this report even took a while is because **you** came late”.

Mrs. Garcia brushed it off and slowly walked out of the office, trying to forget about what just happened, including the report. Her steps were as quiet as a mouse. She passed through plenty of classes and a concrete, decorated wall and floor. The floors led her to the hall. It was filled with her lovely students.

The hall was huge. Enormous, even. There were steel poles supporting the iron, stiff roof. The floor seemed to contain grass, but it was fake grass—or silicon grass as the staff members call them.

“What’s going on here?”, Mrs. Garcia asked.

“Oh! Uh, some people told us to come here”, Winnie said.

“Yeah. We had no choice, so we had to stay here”, Bruno added.

Mrs. Garcia noted that down, in her mind of course. She looked and looked around until she got a poke on the back of her shoulder.

“Hello, Garcia”, a handsome voice came out. It was Mr. Jeffery, Mrs. Garcia’s husband.

“Jeff!”, Garcia screamed. She ran and hugged him tight. It’s as if they were teenagers again. Jeffery pushed her back for a moment.

“Garcia, I’m wondering. Should we get the reports for Carly?”, Jeffery asked. Garcia folded her arms. “Ahem. We’re her teachers, Jeffery! Not only that, but Alex and Sarah’s parents are also working here”, Garcia said.

Jeffery lighted up as he was reminded of that. “Oh right! They’re the children of Duke and Isaac, right?”, Jeffery asked. Garcia nodded.

The children looked at each other in confusion. One of them, Sheldon, approached Mrs. Garcia. “Do you know where are our siblings and parents?”, Sheldon asked.

“Your siblings are in the kindergarten hall, while your parents are outside Mr. Gregory’s office”, Mr. Jeffery explained.

“Oh! Thanks for telling me! You’re our coach, right?”, Sheldon said.

Mr. Jeffery nodded. “Yes. How can’t you recognize me?”’, Mr. Jeffery asked.

“You look like the other coaches”, Sheldon sighed.

Mr. Jeffery was somewhat offended by what Sheldon said. Who would want to look like their colleagues anyways? Sheldon walked away with the last thing he said to Jeffery.

“Well, I’ll be talking to your respective parents. Jeffery, please take care of them”, Mrs. Garcia said as she walked past the door behind her and her husband. “Of course I will, honey!”, Jeffery waved bye as he said that.

“It looks like you children have to deal with me for a moment!”, Mr. Jeffery chuckled. The children weren’t amused by this. They liked Mrs. Garcia much more than the “duller” Mr. Jeffery.

Chapter 4

Pocket Monsters

Class 2 is an odd class. The students are both fun and mysterious. Some seem to be alien, while others seem to be average citizens. Nonetheless, they're all still children. Such children who's starting to develop and grow. They're trying to find themselves. They try to find their souls. It's crazy, isn't it?

In the hallway, those students were both sitting and standing, all waiting for their precious loved-ones to get their reports about their good or bad or ugly reports.

They smelled and breathed in the odd air and felt each other's body heat. Some were spewing random stuff. Some were fighting. Typical children behavior, even if they're turning into their teenage years.

During the mayhem and chaos and the coach, Jeffery, calming down the students, Bruno was peacefully listening to his own music in his MP3 player as kids use nowadays. His red shirt now splattered in water and spit from the students, parents and teachers, also from his own water bottle. He was playing a Pokémon game. Indeed, he is a Pokémon fan. A big one. He was fighting with a Jolteon against a Trainer's Rhydon in his Nintendo DS. While he heard the music, he could faintly hear the student's laughter, screams and talking.

He was in a time of isolation and loneliness. When he was a 'newbie' and didn't have any friends. Of course, there are people who knew him by his old school, yet he's lonely. His former best friends denounced their friendship with him after all.

A small vested boy came up to Bruno, though.

“Bruno”, Alex said.

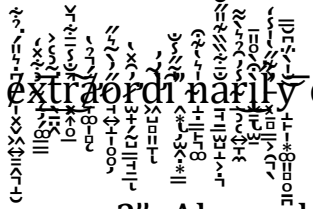
Bruno turned up his eye at Alex, looking both frustrated and curious. He dropped his MP3 player for a short moment and looked at Alex, almost staring into Alex’s own eyes. It’s odd how Bruno noticed Alex, as his music was drowning out everything else that was going on. Alex even had a softer voice than an average boy.

“What is it?”, Bruno asked.

People were then giving piggy-back rides to each other. Bruno ignored it in favor of Alex’s attention, though.

“I’ve heard that your parents are the first ones to be reported”, Alex said.

“Oh, yeah! They came extraordinarily early, so it’s not a surprise to me”, Bruno chuckled.



“Shouldn’t you be going now?”, Alex asked.

Bruno looked at the ground for a moment, thinking. He looked back to Alex and grinned. “My parents said I could stay for a bit… or more than a bit!”, Bruno said. Alex gave an amusing look. He was both happy and confused at the same time. More of so happy because Alex is fairly lonely. Bruno is his only current answer of curing his loneliness.

“Well, could you stay with me if that’s truly the case?”, Alex asked. Bruno nodded in a thrill. “Sure!”, he said. Alex made out a soft smile and sat right beside Bruno. Bruno continued playing Pokémon, but not listen to his music. Instead, he put his MP3 player and headphones

in his blue, Blastoise backpack. Alex was curious about all of the Pokémon themes floating around Bruno.

“Are you a Pokémon fan?”, Alex asked quietly. He patted Bruno slightly, almost looking afraid to do anything other than sitting silently.

“Yep! I think it should be obvious by me playing the game”, Bruno said. Alex chuckled, looking away from Bruno in awkwardness. Bruno wanted to do the same towards Alex.

“Are **you** into Pokémon?”, Bruno suddenly questioned Alex.

Alex got shocked by the question. Not because he is into Pokémon, it’s just because he’s never asked that question. “No. No, I’m not”, Alex answered. Bruno sighed, then chuckled. “Should’ve expected that!”, Bruno said while leaning back to continue playing.

“My brother is into Pokémon”, Alex continued.

“You have a brother?”, Bruno asked. Alex nodded to that. “He’s a year younger than me—he’s in Grade 7”, Alex said.

“Sweet! I have a younger brother too! He’s in Grade 3, though”, Bruno said. He got up from laying down and looked energized as ever.

“Hm. If you’re a Pokémon fan, which Pokémon is your favorite? My brother’s favorite Pokémon is Floatzel if you’re about to ask!”, Alex said. Bruno smiled wide, then looked into his Nintendo DS. “My favorite Pokémon is this one!”, Bruno said. The Nintendo DS was showed to Alex, letting him look at the Pokémon and the game itself, being Pokémon Black2.

“Jolteon?”, Alex asked. Bruno nodded. “It’s just so cool and electric! Literally. It’s an Electric-type!”, Bruno squeaked. Alex

didn’t understand a bit of anything Bruno said. It sounded like nonsense to him. The only part which Alex understood was Jolteon’s typing.

“You know, Alex. Someday, I wish we could be Pokémon. I could already imagine it! You could be a Buizel, and I could be a cute Pikachu!”, Bruno went on about.

“Bruno the Pikachu, huh? That’s an appropriate name”, Alex thought out loud. Bruno giggled and patted Alex.

“I know it is!”, Bruno said.

Alex looked around the hallway, looking at his chaotic classmates, then at Bruno’s smile. He smiled back because of how powerful Bruno’s smile is. Alex started to realize that maybe, he won’t always be alone.

Chapter 5

Lights Off

The other room was decorated with paintings and shelves of kindergarten books. The room was actually for the kindergarten kids who came early. Children would read the books in case they're bored.

In the room, there were many adults. One was just talking to a child, though not someone from the class. The adults were actually the parents of the Class 2 students.

Some of them were looking at their phone with a blind pleasure, while others were silently waiting for their turn for the report. Luckily, those who are waiting didn't have to wait longer. Two parents got out of a door that led to the office. They were the parents of Bruno, Mr. and Mrs. Ray.

The two saw the heaps of parents.

"Wah! So many people!", Mrs. Ray exclaimed.

The parents directed their attention at the couple. The next parents in line were on top of the world for their report.

"It's our turn!", a woman said.

The next couple slightly pushed Mr. and Mrs. Ray as they were walking.

"Oops! Sorry-".

The man stopped as he noticed who he pushed. Indeed, they was Winnie's parents!

“Oh! Williams!”, Mr. Ray excitingly said.

“Our neighbors, huh? What a coincidence!”, Mrs. Ray chuckled.

“Huh. It looks like things have changed a lot since we last saw each other on the first day of school!”, Mr. Willaims said. The mothers were processing what Willaims said, then jumped after realizing.

“Y-You saw Mr. Ray in the first day of school!?”, Mrs. Williams exclaimed. Mr. Willaims grinned. “… And his son”.

Mrs. Willaims then grabbed her husband’s hand then walked towards the office.

“Alright. We don’t have any Time to waste now”, she said.

The couple entered the office to find the report of their lovely daughter.

“Hmm. Didn’t they have two daughters?”, Mrs. Ray asked. Mr. Ray nodded. Apparently, the second daughter was in another grade and was younger than the already young Winnie.

The couple turned to the other couples, looking worried. It’s odd that one couple isn’t actually a couple, but just a single parent. To add onto that, some of the students’ parents aren’t even there! Notably Sarah’s and Alex’s. Not even their mothers came.

“Should we go now?”, Mrs. Ray whispered to Mr. Ray. He was thinking for a moment, then remembered what he said to his son.

“Not yet, honey”, Mr. Ray assured, pushing her arm away from him. “Let’s try to socialize with the other parents!”, he added.

He was about to pull Mrs. Ray with him until…

“Hey! Do you know anything about the report?!”, a parent aggressively asked.

It was from Sheldon’s father. He looked like he meant business with his bushy eyebrows, and even more with his wife, who looked equally serious and tough. It’s a wonder how they raised such a ray of sunshine and curiosity.

“Well, it’s just a simple report”, Mr. Ray said as Sheldon’s father stepped further and further. Sheldon’s father smelled Mr. Ray’s scent. It was Lavender Midnight, which is just a lavender smell.

Suddenly, the lights went out as soon as he stopped smelling Mr. Ray.

“What happened?!”, a parent shouted.

“A power outage, I suppose”, another parent tried to explain.

It was utterly dark. Nobody can see nobody. Nothing can see nothing. Just pitch black and the smell of each other’s scent. No air even breezed upon anyone.

“I’ll deal with this”, a parent said. Noises of stomping passed by everyone’s ears. The parent tried to find the door but can’t. It was so dark that even the door seems invisible.

“Whoever did this will pay!”, someone yelled. “… Not for the electric bills! We’re seriously saving money here”.

A beam of light flashed towards everyone’s eyes. It was a flashlight!

A flashlight coming from a higher power. Not in electricity, but in true power of the school.

Indeed, it was Mr. Gregory and some other powerful people of the school! Whoever said that wasn’t Mr. Gregory at all, coming from the voice. Instead, it was coming from someone else.

A man twirled around, through the flashlight, creating a delicate shadow. He looked like he came straight the 80s. He wore a tie full of red doodles and had a funky hair. A music video is where he looks like he truly belongs to!

“Mr. Spin, please stop goofing around”, Mr. Gregory said.

Mr. Spin spun then stared into Mr. Gregory with his hardy eyes, making Mr. Gregory look petrified.

“Who are you to boss me around when I’m the boss?”, Mr. Spin asked as he was spinning towards Mr. Gregory.

“I don’t know”, Mr. Gregory sweated. His eyes were locked out of looking at Mr. Spin.

A woman then stepped out of the shadow and came into the flashlight.

“Hello, parents! Excuse us for the… inconvenience! The power just went out, so all of you can patiently wait for your respective reports”, the woman assured. “Who is next in line?”, she asked afterward.

Winnie’s parents tripped their way to the trio who came in. “We are”, the father said. The woman smiled and widened her arms. “Come along with me, then”, the woman grabbed William’s arm. The parents gladly followed the woman.

“Who is she?”, a parent asked.

“She’s the guidance counsellor!”, Mr. Spin answered.

“And you must be the principal, Steven Spin?”, Mr. Ray asked. Mr. Spin nodded.

“Other parents, please follow me to another room, which has much lighter than here. Natural light”, Mr. Gregory said. The other parents followed Mr. Gregory’s footsteps out of the cramped and dim room.

Mr. Spin was spinning, akin to his name. He somehow reached Mr. Ray’s arm, who held him away from falling.

“Oops! My bad!”, Mr. Spin apologized, hopping out of Mr. Ray’s arm. Mr. Ray sweated and had a smile. “It’s fine!”, he assured.

“Ooh! Hey! Wanna have a tea party?”, Mr. Spin asked while spinning curiously. Mr. Ray was thinking about this, but Mrs. Ray wasn’t even thinking twice! “Sure!”, Mrs. Ray said.

Mr. Ray was stunned by his wife’s impulsiveness. Perhaps she does love tea that much! At the very least, caffeine-induced drinks.

“Lovely!”, Mr. Spin harmonized. He spun with Mrs. Ray, making her feel like she’s going through one of those tea-cups rides in amusement parks. It’s strange how Mr. Spin never even gets dizzy from how often he spins!

Mr. Ray pulled his wife back to him, making her much dizzier. He looked at Mr. Spin with a small glare. “Are we seriously about to celebrate a tea party?”, Mr. Ray asked with a scratchy voice. “Yep!”, Mr. Spin spun around while saying.

“Follow me!”, Mr. Spin said. He pulled the parent’s arms as he leads them to his own room.

Chapter 6

Kindergarten Kidnap

In another room, it was decorated with papers of some kid's drawings. It looked like a classroom, too.

In there, some teenagers and children were waiting in the room, looking around the classroom. They were probably the siblings of the Class 2 students. Not all of the siblings are there either.

"Ugh! How long is this going to take?!", a boy whined. It was Bruno's brother! His tiny size is nothing compared to a girl. Indeed, the girl is Roselynn's sister.

"… And is big sista going to be ok?!", the sister yelped.

"I know she will be", a tall boy assured. He seemed to be 3x her age, 18 to be specific. Another teenager was looking around for something to do. All she saw were books and papers. Letters about the kindergarten student's parents. The parents had such odd names, as much as their children's. They seemed to have come out of the 1800s!

"Hey, isn't that our grandpa's name?", the girl asked the adult. Apparently, she was his brother, therefore, a student of Class 2's sister. They were actually Nadia's siblings! Not only that, but she also had another brother in the same room.

"It is! Hehe!", the younger brother said.

"Damn, how many of you are there?", an unrelated teenager asked in shock of finding out how many siblings do Nadia have. She truly has… three. Only three. Two older (near adult) siblings, and one younger brother, possibly in 3rd grade.

The siblings all looked at each other once they heard a curious noise. It was a buzz from somewhere, and it couldn't just be from a gadget, for sure not.

"Psst, how about we check since we're the oldest in this room?", Nadia's brother asked his sister. She agreed to the idea and wanted to protect everyone, mainly their little, innocent brother. He doesn't even know what's going on!

At the midst of the buzz, the younger children were in a panic. Afraid of what that mysterious sound means.

The buzz transformed into footsteps.

Was it just a sound? Was it a shared hallucination? Was it just the staff members? Was it a murderer? A psycho? What was it?

Either way, it doesn't spell out anything good.

Suddenly, two parents came in. They were Bruno's parents!

"What are these kids doing here?!", Mrs. Ray exclaimed.

"For the record: I and my sister are adults", Nadia's brother said.

The parents shrugged that truth off and still considered the other children in the same footing as the parents.

Mr. Ray looked around, then was reminded that Mr. Spin took them to the classroom in order to have a talk with the other parents—probably about something unproductive, like how Mr. Spin's grandpa opened his tin can or anyone equally ridiculous.

"Jaiden, should we keep these children company?", Mrs. Ray asked her husband. He nodded to that concept, even though it would be a

burden to him. He already had to take care of two devils, now that would be multiplied by at least 5 Times! Nonetheless, that didn't matter to them.

At the same time, Nadia's older siblings were ticked off by how Bruno's parents called them "children" when they're old enough to marry someone special.

The parents were doing "parent things" to the siblings.

Playing ball with them. Playing hide n' seek. Doodling animals. Read some books.

While the siblings were dancing to disco music, someone came.

It was the guidance counsellor, but she seemed to be afraid of something. Something huge.

"Hello, children", she greeted. She pretended that everything's fine, when judging by her face, it's the opposite.

"Mrs. Kiara!", the children exclaimed.

The parents were concerned of the woman, who was panting and sweating from running from hall to hall, looking for a classroom to stay in. She was lucky that she even found one that wasn't so empty.

"Are you ok?", Mr. Ray asked, stepping his toes up to her.

"I'm ok!", she assured. She turned her head back, then got pushed back into the classroom by some mysterious figure. Nobody could see it since it was shrouded in darkness.

Mr. Ray pulled Kiara back from the ground, and looked determined to fight back at the figure for even laying a finger on the woman.

“Who are you!?”, he yelled. The figure had a laughter—a laughter that any 8th grader would have.

“Your biggest nightmare”, the figure said in a threatening tone. At the same Time, however, the voice was soft and sounded like the quiet kid. It was truly odd.

“Your… biggest nightmare?”, Mrs. Ray asked. The children cuddled either behind the parents or Nadia’s siblings. Kiara got up on her own with her own skinny legs. Her footsteps creeped up on the floor and towards the figure.

“You… You’re from Class 3, aren’t you?”, Kiara asked.

The figure didn’t answer. Instead, it made out a white smile among the darkness. Uneasiness is what all parties felt, except for the figure.

Suddenly, it dragged her out of the door!

“AAAHHH!”, the woman screamed!

Her legs were being pulled and scratched through the floor, without any traces of her left! Despite her cries for help, nobody did anything to save her, as they were too paralyzed to even take a footing out of their positions. The figure was laughing maniacally. What was going on finally snapped onto Mr. Ray’s mind. He ran just to save Kiara, even if it means risking his own life.

“Ryan!”, Mrs. Ray cried.

“Save yourself, and keep everyone else safe!”, Mr. Ray told his wife. She cried out tears that she couldn’t keep for long. Soon enough, Mr. Ray and Kiara were nowhere to be seen… The children cuddled Mrs. Ray.

Chapter 7

Class 1 Boy

The hall was made of utter silence.

No noise bounded through the walls and floor.

In the midst of the silence was a boy in a panic and rush to find a teacher. When he reached the main, green hall, he found the students of Class 2 and their homeroom teacher, Mrs. Garcia. He recognized her instantly, but not her students.

“Mrs. Garcia!”, the boy exclaimed while the students were chatting and showing off their toys.

The boy was the same boy who interrupted the over 2-week-old assembly. However, he seemed to have changed his style.

Instead of his 80s-styled clothing, he wore a blue shirt with white highlights. He also wore indigo pants and black, tied shoes. He also had fangs for teeth, which were genuine instead of those fake teeth from costume shops. Because of that, his nickname among his friend group is “Vlad”. Eventually, everyone called him Vlad. Some don’t even know his real name!

“Ah, hello Vlad”, Mrs. Garcia smiled. “What are you doing here? Aren’t you supposed to go with your classmates?”, she asked afterward.

Vlad sweated, trying to a glance away from the lady.

“You’re right about that”, Vlad said to hide the truth. He still had to tell the truth, though. Taking a large sigh, he followed up with “… but Mrs. Delilah told me to come here”.

Mrs. Garcia raised her curious eyebrow and partially widened her eye up. “For what?”, she menacingly asked.

Vlad gulped out loud, luckily nobody taking notice. Indeed, all the students took their eyes to Vlad, giving him a look like he’s an absolute psycho—which some would say that he is.

“For getting in trouble. I and Kevin were making comments about her, and, well, she didn’t take that lightly”, Vlad explained with a delightful frown.

“Kevin, huh? Then where is he?”, Mrs. Garcia leaned down to ask. “Mrs. Delilah said that I should be the only one to come. It’s because Kevin blackmailed her!”, Vlad said.

Mrs. Garcia broke in laughter, even tearing up. “Do you really think I’m going to believe that he blackmailed her?”, Mrs. Garcia laughed. Vlad stomped his foot on the stage he and Mrs. Garcia were standing on and raged his fist. “Come on! She’s **that** gullible!”, Vlad yelled back.

“Yeah, right”, Mrs. Garcia shrugged. She took that out of her mind immediately after she said that. “Well, if you really need to talk to Mrs. Delilah for a reason or another, just stay here in the hall”, Mrs. Garcia said. Vlad gladly nodded and walked up to the students, who took themselves outside of Vlad’s reach.

“Psk. Losers”, Vlad mumbled to himself. He took his face away from the already-scared students.

Oddly enough, Bruno somewhat recognized him.

“A member of Team Toxic, huh…”, Alex suddenly whispered. Bruno wondered what Alex said. It could’ve been something important, or something insignificant

“Team Toxic?”, Bruno asked, tapping Alex’s shoulder for a moment. Alex tilted his head to the ground, shutting his eyes down. “Yes. They’re known as the hooligans of the Floor 8. All they do is cause mishaps and trouble. They’re truly goons!”, Alex explained.

He had odd experiences with the team. Once, a member of the team pressured Alex into reading a teacher’s personal diary. That was the only Time Alex ever got in trouble—and it wasn’t even caused by him!

“… No wonder why they’re called toxic then…”, Bruno said to himself.

“Who even are the members?”, Bruno followed up. Alex was trying his best to remember, which worked since he did finally remember. “Ah, I remember most!”, Alex said.

“There are the three in Class 1—Mercury, Kevin and Vlad. Mercury is the leader of the goons. Kevin is basically the most useless member—only being there for the most trivial of situations. Vlad… well… you already know him! Then, there’s Blossom, one of the only two girls in the team. She’s the sweetest and most tolerable member, but she is from Class 3… There’s also Aster, the greedy one and the strongest, which makes sense as he comes from Class 4”, Alex explained. “Then… erm…”. There were two more members, but Alex couldn’t remember their names or personalities for the life of him.

Vlad suddenly laughed at Alex. “Man! You sure do have a big nose!”, Vlad laughed. He had a signature laugh of his own. It was a unique one—not in a good way. “I don’t have a big nose!”, Alex yelled back. His voice was too quiet for Vlad to even hear him. He ignored Alex’s yelling and continued laughing. “You’re Alex, right?”, Vlad asked. He put his arm onto Alex’s shoulder, dragging himself towards the boy.

“Alex the Big Brain? Alex the Always Class President?”, Vlad asked with questions that begin to sound uncomfortable. “Shush it! I’ve already had enough of being the class president”, Alex looked away from Vlad. He couldn’t even bare to look at Vlad’s face.

Vlad tilted his head to Bruno, the soft-faced boy. “You must be new here, eh?”, Vlad asked. He turned away from the duo, giving them a snide and snarl look. “Well…”, Bruno stuttered. Alex pulled Bruno back to his body as Vlad started to walk away and blend into the crowd. “That’s what I meant, Bruno”, Alex said. Bruno bit his mouth and looked at the green concrete that was the floor. He tilted himself back to Alex, preparing to ask another question.

“You were class president too?”, Bruno asked.

Alex didn’t want to admit it, but he truly was. He was class president for every single class he has ever been in. It was both embarrassing and impressive.

“I was”, Alex sighed. “Why are you ashamed of it? I think it’s cool that I’m even talking to a class president!”, Bruno said. Alex looked away from Bruno, ashamed of even his voice. “Look, everyone just thinks I’m a nerd. I always swear that I’m not, but at this point… my mind is starting to beg to differ”, Alex admitted. Bruno understood at that point.

“Were you ever class president?”, Alex asked.

“Not really. I was known as a star student, though! I honestly want to change that. I do understand how you feel!”, Bruno smiled.

Bruno leaned himself on Alex, but he swept away from the leaning boy. Alex didn’t like personal contact with anyone. He’d rather keep to himself. Still, Bruno had a warm smile and believed he and Alex would have a close bond with each other.

Chapter 8

First Victim

Class 3 is known as “The Class of Cutes”. The students in the class are incredibly innocent and sweet since the start. They could never even fight anything.

That’s the main problem about them.

When any danger arises, they could never fight back and end up getting hurt. They’re lucky that none of the students were even killed at any point.

But are the students **truly** innocent? Are they **really** who they say they are? Are they hiding…

Something **sinister**?

In the husk that is Class 3,

Well, if it even **was** a husk.

The class was filled with students, only sounds if you’re outside the door.

In the inside, it was utterly dim. No light was to be found. Yet, there are candles to light up what is the most wholesome classroom in history.

Some of the students were gathered up as a circle, surrounding the brightly lit candles. In the middle was an X-cross under their teacher. His body. Mr. Mando’s body.

A student approaches to the middle of the candles.

Who was it?

It was an odd-looking boy. He had purple clothes, purple pants and purple shoes, all the same color. His hair was frizzled up and he seemed to be injured over something.

His arms raised up into the air, looking to be worshipping something.

“Oh, Mr. Mando. Will you answer me? Will you be the first shell I’ll trap myself into?”, the boy said in a dimming tone. He was yelling into… the air?

“Mr. Mando. Answer me. I repeat, answer me on the inside”, the boy continued and begged.

The other students began to sing it out in repetition.

“Answer me”

“Answer me”

“Answer me”

Finally, Mr. Mando woke up in a daze. He saw everything that was going on. The candles, his own students making out something odd.

“Kids?! What are all you doing!?”, Mr. Mando exclaimed.

The students stopped their ritual.

“Oh, hi Mr. Mando!”, a student smiled and waved.

Mr. Mando looked in a panic around the room. Was he being sacrificed for something?

“Are you… worshipping the devil?”, Mr. Mando asked.

The students were looking away from Mr. Mando in a subtle way, with only the purple-dressed boy looking at Mr. Mando. He was shrouded in the shadows.

“I told them to do this”, the boy said.

“I should’ve known”, Mr. Mando said.

The teacher then flinched once the boy borrowed up to him, having a snarl.

“I think we accomplished this well, my friends”, the boy grinned afterward. It was a sinister grin.

“Accomplish…?”, Mr. Mando asked. He scratched up his hair, then went to a furious rage. “Ugh! I’ll tell Mr. Gregory about this nonsense and I’ll get you—“.

Mr. Mando got cut off by the boy jumped on Mr. Mando and scratching him. The screams were cutting across the ground.

In another area of the classroom were husks of other people—including Kiara.

A few hours later… The situation started developing and rolling through a snowball effect.

In kindergarten room, the siblings and Mrs. Ray were singing nursery rhymes, some looking forced to sing them.

“B-I-N-G-O! B-I-N-G-O! B-I-N-G-O!

And Bingo was his name-o!”, everyone sang.

The siblings clapped happily, though Nadia’s siblings weren’t comfortable taking in any of this. They were only crossing their arms and looking at the children’s drawings in utter boredom.

“Now let’s sing another song!”, Mrs. Ray clapped.

Before she started though, some footsteps came to the room. Those footsteps were of the students of Class 2: Bruno, Nadia, Roselynn and Vlad to be specific.

“Mom?”, Bruno asked.

“Bruno!”, Mrs. Ray and Piper yelled.

Piper ran up to Bruno and hugged him.

“Bruno! Wh-What’s going on out there?!”, Piper asked.

“I’m wondering the same thing”, Bruno said.

Roselynn took a look around the room and found her sister.

“Ah, Daisy! Here you are”, Roselynn said. Her sister smiled wide. Nadia’s siblings came up to her.

“Ugh! Sis, your school is complete nonsense!”, Nadia’s brother said.

“I know it is, Nathan.”, Nadia said. “Natalia, how is Nate?”, Nadia asked. Her sister, Natalia lit up and nodded, “He’s fine!”.

Nate and Vlad were having a high five, then did multiple variations of a high five. “Didn’t know you’re brothers with Nadia!”, Vlad laughed. “Couldn’t you tell?”, Nate asked. “You’re friends with each other?!”, Nadia exclaimed. It’s odd for her since Nate was 2 years younger than her and Vlad.

“Yep. Since last year”, Vlad said. Nadia jaws dropped. *How many friends did he have?!* She wondered. Many is the answer. Many. Maybe even more than many.

“Well, about what’s going on: I don’t know what’s going on”, Bruno said. “But! Some officials said that some student from the grade is terrorizing the whole building!”, Bruno continued.

The siblings and Mrs. Ray gasped.

“So please stay safe, and of course, stay calm”, Roselynn said calmly. She glanced at the others, then back at the relatives.

“And especially for you, Daisy”, Roselynn warned.

“By the way, where’s Sheldon?”, Sheldon’s brother asked.

“Good question: He’s trying to find the person behind this. Actually, we’re all assigned to do something about this! Mrs. Garcia told us to do this”, Bruno said.

“We’re supposed to keep all of you calm”, Nadia said.

Mrs. Ray smiled and patted Bruno. “Thank you, son. You’ve really grown up fast”, she teared up. Bruno looked tired of his mother. “Alright, mom…”, he groaned. Everyone giggled away.

Behind the kindergarten door was Mr. Gregory, hiding behind the door. He looked… different though. As if he’s been corrupted by something.

He had a snide smile, planning to make out something malicious. He stepped away from the door, but not before looking back at it.

Mr. Gregory is up to something.

Chapter 9

The Duo

Some of the other Class 2 students were taking a stroll around the school, trying to process what was going on. They were specifically walking around the hallway of the other floor. The classrooms were full of nothing. No children, no laughter, no books, no nothing.

All that was present were the footsteps and heartbeats of the students. They were specifically Sheldon, Riley, Violet, Renard, Spencer, Connor and Mrs. Garcia, their beautiful teacher.

Mrs. Garcia led her students through the hallway, looking for another teacher. She suspected that some of the other teachers were in the same hallway, mainly Mr. Barney and Mrs. Delilah. She knew that it was too late to save Mr. Mando.

“Has anyone been left behind?”, Mrs. Garcia asked as she turned behind.

“Nope”, everyone said.

“What’s really missing is our sanity, because this has been taking forever!”, Sheldon moaned.

Mrs. Garcia didn’t take that lightly, yet she pretended to have ignored what Sheldon said and moved on.

The students were taking step after step. The footsteps fluttered around the hall as the only sound emitted from anything other than the fans and ACs making their usual white noises.

Suddenly, more footsteps added onto the few. Once the crowd stopped, they found out about the extra footsteps.

“Did any of you hear that?”, Riley asked.

“The footsteps? Yep”, Renard answered.

“What could it be?”, Connor asked. Mrs. Garcia stepped a bit away from her students in order to investigate who was creating the noises, unless it was an object making a silly sound.

“No idea”, Spencer shrugged.

The footsteps came from behind the crowd. The footsteps started following closer and closer and even closer.

Step, step, step.

Stomp, stomp, stomp,

It all went.

The students and eventually Mrs. Garcia were shivering in fear.

“Konnichiwa!”, an adorable voice came out from nowhere.

Then, two children came. It was a girl in a floral dress and a boy in black attire. Mrs. Garcia instantly recognized them.

“Ah, the two of the most tolerable ones in Team Toxic, hm?”, Mrs. Garcia said as she walked towards them. “Blossom and Aster, right?”, Mrs. Garcia asked. The two nodded.

“And we’re here to kill you”, Aster said with a sarcastic tone. Blossom slightly pushed Aster aside. “We won’t! This guy’s crazy—as much as my classmates”, Blossom chuckled. Aster was about to say something, but it was drowned out by Blossom’s arm.

“Well, what are you doing here?”, Mrs. Garcia asked.

She snapped as she realized something. “Wait! I know what’s going on. Have you Team Toxic members done something unforgiveable?!”, Mrs. Garcia asked.

“What? No. We just came because we’re bored”, Aster said.

“Our classmates brought us here!”, Blossom added.

Mrs. Garcia said out an “oh” and took a look at your classmates, then remembered something she heard in Class 3. Something about Mr. Mando.

“Blossom, I think your classmates are having fun in your class. Have they told you anything about that?”, Mrs. Garcia asked.

“Not really. I don’t talk to my classmates much”, Blossom said.

“That’s to be expected”, Riley said. The students stepped towards the situation and the two non-Class 2 members. “Blossom doesn’t get along with her classmates well, don’t you know?”, Spencer asked. Mrs. Garcia didn’t know. This was news to her!

“I think you should go to your classmates either way”, Mrs. Garcia suggested. Blossom sighed and nodded to that. She pulled Aster by his long hair.

“C’mon, Aster”, Blossom said. Aster yelled and begged for them to stay with the Class 2 students. They went through with Mrs. Garcia’s plan anyways. The other students looked at them as if they’re psychos plotting to murder someone. “They’re crazy, aren’t they?”, Renard asked. “Yep”, everyone else agreed.

The two were walked up to Floor 4.

“Why are we even listening to Mrs. Garcia?”, Aster asked. Blossom didn’t answer, instead shutting her mouth. “Never mind that”,

Blossom answered. She started to remember what happened in the first day of school—on the bus specifically. “Having a flashback again?”, Aster asked, raising his eyebrows. “Nope. Just remembering something!”, Blossom chuckled away. Aster didn’t believe what she said, but he pretended he did anyway.

“Such hooligans”, Mrs. Garcia whispered to herself in French. She looked at her confused students and smiled, pretending that she never even said a thing about the foreign students. “Erm. Shall we carry on?”, Mrs. Garcia asked. Her students agreed to continue, so they did.

They found next to nothing about anything.

“Hey, have you found anything yet?”, Riley asked to Violetta. She shook her head no in disappointment. “Sorry, but I didn’t. I wish we did though”, Violetta said. Mrs. Garcia sits on the table and crossed her legs. “Me too. Even a smidge of evidence would help us tremendously”, Mrs. Garcia stated.

Renard suddenly found a key, but with his trickster instincts, he didn’t tell anyone about it. The key wrote ‘BOX KEY’. Renard snatched it from its original place (which was Mr. Barley’s table) and was looking for a box.

Spencer noticed Renard’s search for the box and tapped his shoulder. “What are you doing?”, Spencer asked. Renard hopped from the ground and realized that he forgot to tell everything about the key. “Well…”, Renard sweated. He looked around the room in a daze. He decided to just ignore Spencer and continue to find the box. The students started to notice what Renard was doing.

“Renard!”, Mrs. Garcia yelled.

As soon as he got frightened, he found the box and opened it.

He found many treasures—well, in terms of memories. Indeed, plenty of memories were kept in the box in form of pictures.

Mrs. Garcia gasped. She slid away Renard just to see the box. “It’s… It’s pictures of when me and the other teachers were young!”, Mrs. Garcia said as her jaw dropped.

“But how?”, Riley asked. Mrs. Garcia was silent. She took the pictures slowly and slowly, even seeing herself wearing a helmet beside a bike. “That’s when I fell in love with Jeffery…”, Mrs. Garcia whispered to herself. The students were utterly puzzled. Some who looked tried to keep their posture and tried their best to stop laughing. They never thought their teachers looked ridiculous!

Mrs. Garcia noticed the laughter and got frustrated. “What are you laughing on about?!”, she yelled. The students bit their tongue and had a small, embarrassed grin on their faces. “Look, you just look so different here. I mean, look at you and Jeffery and…”, Sheldon paused for a moment.

“Who’s that?”, Sheldon asked.

“Mando…”, Mrs. Garcia replied.

Everyone was in for a shock! It seems like Mrs. Garcia and Mr. Mando were good friends before!

“Y-You mean… You met Mando way before you even got to this school?!”, Violetta exclaimed.

Mrs. Garcia nodded. She started to remember what fate Mr. Mando had to hold in for his students. Pain was what she felt. Emotional pain.

“He… protected me…”, Mrs. Garcia teared up.

Then Spencer found an interesting picture. It was a picture of a student in Class 3. It was a familiar student too. He had a purple shirt, purple pants, and purple everything else. Could it be? The student who used the ritual on his own teacher?

“Who is this?”, Spencer asked.

Sheldon instantly recognized him. “It’s Dexter!”, Sheldon exclaimed.

“Dexter? The boy in Class 3?”, Spencer asked again. He looked at the picture once more. “But isn’t this box full of pictures of the staff members? Are we implying that Dexter is a staff member now?”, Spencer asked. Riley looked more into this and found out that this picture was as old as the other pictures. It was odd.

“No… but… How is… how is his picture here? This picture looks really old!”, Riley stuttered.

The students started to notice that. Mrs. Garcia took note of this too. “Do you know anything about this, teacher?”, Violetta asked. Mrs. Garcia was stunned by this. She only knew Dexter as a student. Perhaps there’s something more going on with Dexter than she would’ve thought. He definitely isn’t who he says he is.

“No!”, Mrs. Garcia asked, shaking her head. An atmosphere was set right after she said that.

The darkness started to catch up to the students and teacher. It was dim, creepily dim. What’s truly going on? A child’s laugh follows.

Hehehehehehe.

Where is it coming from?

Hehehehehehe.

What is it?

A music box started singing. The record was rolling. Nothing was making a sound other than it.

Then, a silhouette of a boy appeared. The laughing seemed to have come from it.

“So you’re the one, aren’t you?”, the boy giggled.

Mrs. Garcia looked around and around while the students ducked for their lives, some under the tables. She wanted to investigate what was going on, but then she got tackled by the boy. She fell right down the ground.

“Mrs. Garcia!”, Riley yelled. He got up and punched the boy in the guts, but that did nothing to him. Riley was shocked. He looked straight into the eye of the boy, then became paralyzed.

“Wh-what?”, Riley stuttered. The boy came straight into Riley, tackled him down, then punched him until Riley was unconscious.

“Riley!”, Violetta cried.

The boy laughed and laughed like a maniac, pulling Riley away out of the door. Every student got out of their tables, seeming terrified about their fates and Riley’s.

They weren’t safe.

Chapter 10

The Investigation

Creak, the door went.

It was Bruno who opened the door. The same door from the kindergarten room. “Do you really think I’ll solve the problem and fight the guy?”, Bruno asked. His classmates didn’t look amused. Strangely enough, Vlad wasn’t present. There was a reason why. “Not only that! You have to save Vlad too”, Nadia said. “I mean, he did disappear! Poof!”, she continued. Bruno didn’t like that, but he decided to go through saving Vlad anyways. His legs tipped out of the door’s reach and looked his head around the corridor.

Creeeakk.

The door shut!

Bruno didn’t mind it though. He believed his classmates and the other people would be just fine without him.

The corridor was dim and empty. There was nothing. Absolutely nothing. He forgot that his mom didn’t even wish him luck, nor his brother. His arms crossed into an X in distraught.

A woosh came along. It flashed on like a whip.

Woosh.

Woosh.

It flashed behind and middle Bruno’s ears.

Woosh…

A shadow figure suddenly appears before Bruno's eyes. He started smelling a curious but sweet smell. It smelled like a cherry blossom tree!

The figure was as quick as a fox. It dashed through the eyes. Then there appeared two. Laughing and giggles soon followed suite. Bruno swallowed his throat and continued tip-toeing away from his original position. He was ready to call out for it, but his mouth didn't want to move. Right before he wanted to take any other action, the shadows jumped right onto the boy! "Wah!", Bruno exclaimed.

His eyes turned jet black.

"Hello?", a voice came out. It was a familiar, soft voice.

"HEY! GET UP!", another voice screamed.

Bruno got slapped—and slapped hard!

The boy got up and started groaning. He saw a blurry image of two kids who are his age. When he saw them with a clearer vision, he instantly saw a boy who was wearing Bruno's cap. The boy's fashion style was… surely full of black. Meanwhile, the girl on his other side was the complete opposite!

"Hey! My hat!", Bruno yelled as he got up.

"Oh? So this is **your** hat?", the boy snickered. "Guess what? It's mine's now!", the boy taunted afterward. He started laughing and laughing. Bruno was mad, as expected. He tackled the boy and took the cap back.

"Thanks for stealing", Bruno thanked sarcastically. The girl beside him was mad too. She stomped her left foot and raised one of her eyebrows at the boy. "This is why you should stop stealing stuff,

Aster!", the girl yelled. Bruno oddly recognized the girl. Could it be? The floral girl in his bus?

"Hey. Do I know you?", Bruno suddenly asked. The girl looked at Bruno, then remembered. "Oh yeah! You do! We're in the same bus!", the girl laughed. Aster looked confused. He kept looking left and right between Bruno and the girl. "Gee. And I just met this guy", Aster said. The girl smiled and put her arm on Bruno. "I'm Blossom! He's Aster!", Blossom introduced. Aster didn't look so happy as he stood up. "He already knows my name", Aster said.

"And you must be Bruno!".

Vlad came!

"Vlad!", Bruno exclaimed. "Vlad, where were you?!". Bruno ran towards the boy and shook him from the shoulders. "I was just looking for those two", Vlad explained. He pushed Bruno away and pulled those two together towards his body. "Blossom, Aster, that dude's a newbie", Vlad said to them. The two looked at Bruno as if he's an alien. Bruno was getting ready for a fight, at least for Vlad.

"Ugh! I know what you're going to do!", Bruno said as he got his fists ready. The trio laughed. Then Aster tackled Bruno. The tackle was so strong that Bruno reached at the end of the corridor, though it was a short once and they only reached a horizontal wall. "We're Team Toxic! Don'cha know?", Aster asked. Bruno realized what was going on. The other two soon followed to look at Bruno from the other sides. "We don't tolerate newbies!", Blossom said. "That's just rude!", Bruno responded. He was leaning back on the wall with a furious face. "So what? Being rude is a part of our motto. Being rude is one of the things we stand for", Vlad said. "Of course, none of us is the leader of the team, but whatever", he shrugged. Bruno got reminded of who was it. It was supposedly a boy named Mercury who came from Class 1, the

same class Vlad is in. Still, Bruno didn't spit out a single word. Stunned was all he was.

"Get away from Bruno!", someone said in the mere distance.

Everyone took their eyes just to see Alex and some of Bruno's classmates (specifically Max, Sid, Winnie and Craig). They were all standing in a determined and ready-to-battle manner.

"You Team Toxic members sure do live up to your names!", Max added. Max then slid down the floor and caught up into the trio's toes, pushing them aside from Bruno. "Of course we do!", Vlad said.

"Wait… so…", Winnie stuttered. "Are ya'll the ones who're causin' all of this!?", Winnie continued with a clearer voice. The three looked confused. "I don't think so", Blossom answered. "Whoever is causing this…". Aster followed up the sentence with him stretching his muscles and cracking his joints, getting his fists ready for a fight. "… Why don't we just solve this with a fight?". Craig stepped up and got ready to fight back. "My pleasure!", Craig answered sarcastically. "We're not solving this with a fight! Just leave Bruno alone—whether he's a 'newbie' or not", Alex said. "Of course a nerd like you would say that", Vlad said as a comeback. The three were laughing. Sid was slightly giggling, but then held himself back once his classmates noticed him. "What were you doing anyways?", Bruno asked Alex. He couldn't think of a straight-forward answer, but replied anyways. "We were just looking for clues".

"Bruno, why don't you join us? Where's your group anyways?", Max asked. "They're in a kindergarten classroom. There, actually". Bruno pointed at the door right behind him. "Heh. It's better if he is a part of your group. I'd rather stay with those other classmates than him", Vlad cackled. Vlad looked left and right just to find out that Aster and

Blossom disappeared. “Erk! Where did they go?!”, Vlad exclaimed. Nobody truly cared, so they walked away from Vlad. “Looking for clues will surely help solve this whole situation!”, Max assured. Craig was disappointed. All he wanted was a fight with Aster, but he couldn’t. He was actually classmates with him before he (Aster) got moved to Class 4. The two were fairly close back then, before Aster even joined Team Toxic.

Vlad was left all alone. As a last resort choice, he ran to the kindergarten room in fear. He found everyone, tapping their toes, seemingly mad at Vlad for “ditching” them. He had an extremely odd smile on his face, almost like he committed a federal crime.

In another group,

There are the members of Casper, Belle, Mandy, Maverick, Sarah and Carly. The latter two were too lazy to do anything, while everyone else was doing the important work. The work that would cost the lives of many students—young students at that. Belle kept trying to put her desire of looking at pictures of herself at bay. It was near impossible for her, yet she could do it anyways. It was a miracle she even could. On the other hand, everything was foreign to Casper. Perhaps being from a foreign country has its faults after all.

The ill boy looked at Mandy and seemed afraid for his life. “Aye, Casper. Did you find anything?”, Maverick suddenly asked. Casper was looking around and found a music box, randomly placed in a funny-looking spot. The spot was a cabinet full of test papers for fourth graders. “I found that”, he pointed. Maverick saw it in utter confusion. “What?”, Maverick questioned. Everybody else noticed it.

“Hah! It’s just a music box! Nothing more, nothing less”, Sarah sung. Carly and Sarah were laying on a table. It’s not even as comfortable as a bed!

Unexpectedly, the music box started playing a string of harmony that’s everything but harmonizing. It was distorted and sounded like a fork on a plate. The distortion turned into a creepy tune and rhythm, though. Slowly and slowly transforming into it. Maverick had enough of it and tried to hide the music box by shutting the cabinet. It continued to play music though.

“Erk! Why won’t it shut up?!”, Maverick yelled. Mandy took this to her own hands and opened the cabinet. She tried to control the music box, but it’s impossible. She accidently closed the cabinet with her hand inside it, yet her hand didn’t hurt. “Youch! Must’ve hurt!”, Belle exclaimed. “No, actually”, Mandy said. Her classmates were shocked by that statement. It’s impossible, isn’t it? Though it looks like nothing is impossible for the class.

“OK, this class is turning crazy! We need to leave, ASAP, Sarah!”, Carly said in a pinch. Her and her partner in crime tried to rush away but not before being blocked by Maverick. “You’re not leaving until we solve this mystery!”, Maverick commanded. Sarah was red and looked like she was on the edge of going through a temper tantrum. Then, Mandy opened up the music box and found something odd inside. “What’s this?”, she asked.

Belle and Casper instantly looked into it and saw notes that stated something odd. “Class 3 is… my forever class? Pip and Peppermint sucks rocks?”, Belle reads in confusion. Casper came to the conclusion that it was someone from that pesky class. He never even said a word about his thoughts on it though. “So that gave us a hint”, Mandy said. “But why would someone from that cutesy little class do this?”, Belle asked. “Yeah. That class is, like, the type of class that’d collect plushies

and call them ‘decorations’ and they’d be the type of students who’d be OBSESSED with those stupid little ponies!”, Carly kept on saying. Belle was furious about the last point. She was a former My Little Pony fan after all. “Excuse ME!? You do know that I’m a big time fan of that franchise, RIGHT?!”, Bella yelled. Mandy sighed. “GUYS! We’re not here to ARGUE!”, Mandy yelled back. “Damn, girls these days”, Maverick said with some sass. The girls won’t stop flapping about their mouths. “I don’t think we’re here to fight…”, Casper whispered to them. “Right. Casper here has got a point. Let’s just forget about that and…”.

Belle was stopped as soon as the team heard whistling from the outside. The whistling turned into footsteps that led to a creak in the door.

“Hello?”, a boy asked.

It was Riley! But he looked different. He had none of his signature athletic accessories. He looked like a normal boy.

“Riley!”, everyone exclaimed.

“Boy, am I glad to see you”, Maverick said with a sarcastic tone. Riley strolled across the floor in search of something. Then he noticed the music box that Mandy was holding in her sweaty palms. “A music box, eh?”, Riley asked. Everyone looked at it, then at Riley. They felt complete confusion. “What about it?”, Mandy replied. Riley walked towards Mandy and touched the box slightly before Mandy repelled it back from the boy. “I need it”, Riley randomly said. “For what?”, Mandy asked. “Because… err…”. Riley’s entire body was lingering in sweat. “… Look, why do you even need it?”, Riley said. He dodged the original question entirely it seems. Looks like he’s hiding something.

“Because it contains clues that we need to solve the mystery!”, Mandy answered. One of her arms left the music box alone and pinched

Riley's head, possibly targeting his brain. "How big is this part of your body, huh!?", Mandy yelled. Riley turned ill red. "Do you even remember what we're all supposed to do?! Tsk! Did your group even finished your task!?", Mandy continued. "We did. We did well", Riley said with a straight but daunting face.

"Now I just need this and, well, this whole problem will be solved!", Riley said. The team still weren't convinced even if it's Riley. "Don't you trust your fellow classmate?!", Riley yelled. "We don't **have** to trust our classmates instantly, do we?", Sarah asked. Riley glared at Mandy, then tackled her, dropping the music box on the ground.

"AH!", she cried.

"Mandy!", Maverick yelled.

Maverick pulled Riley away from her and started to punch him repeatedly. He left him alone, but then kicked Riley in the guts! Then he noticed that Riley didn't look normal per say. "Riley? Is this really you?", Maverick asked. He marched towards the injured boy beside the wall. The music box started playing music again out of nowhere, but instead of focusing on the stiff music, they only held their minds on Riley, who was defenseless at this point. Afterward, Riley grinned and had a maniac's laugh.

"This is not like you, Riley!", Casper cried. Belle pulled Casper away from the corrupted Riley—if it even was him.

"You're right… I'm not Riley", he smiled. The boy saw the opportunity to steal the music box, and so he did. He slid below Maverick's arm and caught the box. He got up and dashed out of the door. "Riley!", Maverick yelled.

Maverick followed the boy thoroughly. "Let's go! We have to help Maverick! You too, Carly and Sarah!", Belle said. Carly and Sarah hesitantly followed the others' pursuit of Riley.

Chapter 11

Caught

Bruno's finally in a better place than earlier. He's with his better classmates, including Alex. He was enjoying his time with them, not only by talking about topics but also with solving the mystery. Still, he's wondering who could this be. Could it be someone who knows his name or the complete opposite?

"Maybe Looker would know how to solve this!", Bruno said out of left field. Everyone looked confused, but continued to solve what's going on. They were in a dim room. It was actually Class 4 who were supposedly working with the Class 3 students about this whole situation. "Who's the Looker?", Craig asked. "It's just a character in Pokémon!", Bruno answered. Craig was curious about that fact. "So you're into Pokémon, huh? One of my old friends is into Pokémon too", Craig said. Bruno was brought to be curious by this fact. He never even met Craig's old friends, let alone knowing their interests. He also realized how little he knew about his classmates. It's to be expected, but that's besides the point. "That's nice!", Bruno grinned.

Behind the sitting Craig was Winnie who looked like a maniac. "Gee, I wish things are better between you and me", Winnie smiled, making an odd pose between her arm and head. "What do you mean?", Bruno asked, beginning to sit. Winnie looked at the ground with an odd face. "About our neighborhood…", Winnie smiled at the ground as she said that. "Oh, right! I forgot we were even neighbors!", Bruno said. Winnie pulled herself towards Bruno, pushing Craig away. "Can we meet someday?", Winnie asked. Bruno was hesitant at first, but happy at the idea of seeing someone other than his former friends outside of

school. “Sure, I guess”, he answered. Winnie jumped and jumped in happiness. “Woohoo!”. She kept on scraping her overalls and pretended that she was stomping on mud or something similar.

In the same room, Alex and Max were suspecting some evidence on the Class 4 tables. They were both anxious and determined about this. Anxiety came from the fact that the Class 4 students might come early and ambush them—thus attacking with an enormous, united blow. Determination came from the fact that they have a striking chance that they’ll solve this matter and get out of school safely. The concern of their relatives’ safety was also present at the moment. Meanwhile, Sid was just laying ‘bout, looking for leftover food from the rarely hungry class. They were extremely obedient students, so eating during class is a large no-no in the class’s part.

“Did you find anything?”, Alex asked. Max didn’t give a positive answer whatsoever. As soon as Max gave the update, he found something interesting in one of the tables. It belonged to a Class 3 student named Mick. He was a fairly popular student, so it’s no surprise they got to find something from him in a completely different class.

Dear Larry,

How are you nowadays? It has been an odd week so I would love to have a talk with you at the end of it. Could we meet up after school by this Friday? I promised Dexter that he would come by then too, since he was a partial cause of the rift of our friendship!

-Mick.

The letter seemed to be a normal one. However, it was Sunday by the time the meeting was set, so the meet-up would've already been long done. Either way, this meant something to Max. Much more than a silly meet-up letter. "Dexter, huh?", Max said with curiosity. "Some say that he's an alien. Of course, I don't believe that, but he sure is an insane boy". Everyone got concerned over the letter. Larry could've already been gone since Friday. The meet-up might've been more than a simple one.

"But there's no way! Dexter couldn't have been the one behind all of this, right?", Alex said in denial. "What would've made me come to that conclusion?", Max asked. Alex was thinking about it, then realized he was being irrational. He wasn't too close to Dexter, but he was trusting of everyone in Class 3, despite the rumors and news spread about them. That innocent class couldn't have been behind this despicable situation, right? That's what everyone thought. "If anything, anyone in this class would've been behind all of this", Max continued. He continued to look through the tables, pretending that he never even saw the letter.

All of a sudden, two boys came. They were standing still, looking into the abyss of nothing. They looked like they could be best friends too. "Hello guys", one of the boys said. Everyone noticed the boys. Bruno was jump scared, while Craig wasn't impressed by them. "Hi?", Alex asked with a confused tone. "Tell me something: Who are you two?", Sid asked. "Silly you! They're Larry and Mick!", Winnie answered, almost slapping the boy before realizing that he's always an imbecile. "Indeed, we are", Larry said. He was a short boy, wearing shorts and a top. The other boy, Mick, was wearing a brown coat with a white polo shirt under it. "Say, have you done anything revolving around this letter?", Max questioned as he approached the still boys. He held the mysterious letter towards the boys, who were also curiously looking at it. "Sort of. Larry got to my house and we became best

friends again", Mick said. The two didn't seem normal though. They had a blank stare—almost close to that of a possessed thing. "What about Dexter?", Alex asked in hesitation. "Dexter did nothing. He didn't come", Larry said with a blank face. Nobody took their words though, only Winnie and Sid. "See? Class 3 students really are innocent! Case closed!", Winnie said.

The standing boys then led out a creepy grin. They started spewing out their spit out of their mouths. After that, purple slime starting to gauge out of their skin slowly. "What the?!", Bruno exclaimed. Winnie looked in disgust, instantly covering her before-innocent eyes. The sight truly was a disturbing one! Especially to young teenagers such as these students. The purple slime then transformed the boys into pure nothing, the only remains of them were the purple slime which attached into the legs of another boy who came into the room. He had a disturbing look in his face. It's as if he committed his first crime.

"Hello, hello! Looks like you've found the true face behind all of this", the boy announced himself. Everyone was ready to battle, except for Sid of course. "The true face, huh?", Bruno said with an upset face. "Yes. Yes! I am!", the boy said. It's odd that he's filled with pride when he's done all of the horrid things that happened earlier. Then some of the students jumped on the boy, who was actually Dexter, and started to attack him with everything they've got. Some were only punched, while others were using niche tactics. Nonetheless, nothing was anything close to effective for Dexter. "What did you do to your classmates anyways?! They're acting funny!", Max yelled. Dexter smiled. "I just told them to, oh I don't know, chant something special for me. Chanting for… the teacher?", Dexter said. He then knocked down the door of his dim classroom and revealed the horrors that has been going on. His classmates were standing still and smiling at the dormant teacher who looked to be dead, but isn't. As expected, the students were shocked by this sight and didn't want to tolerate this

further. “H-How could you!?”, Alex yelled. He rammed into Dexter’s guts, but he passed through him, covered in Dexter’s purple goo. “Wh-what?!”, Alex exclaimed. He looked back at the purple boy, who turned back to look at the shocked Alex. “Too surprised?”, Dexter asked while shutting his classroom door. “Would’ve expected that”, he rolled his eyes. Then Craig was trying to strangle Dexter. It was strangely effective, turning Dexter pure red. In the background, everyone else was too afraid to do anything, even Max was too stunned while full of information to comprehend. Dexter then pulled Craig’s arms out of his neck and grabbed his hand. The boy dragged Craig through the air after that. Craig landed on Alex’s body, successfully getting up afterward. “How?!”, Craig yelled, almost in denial.

Suddenly, Dexter began to multiply himself in rapid succession. It was so fast that even Max couldn’t focus. Those clones of Dexter turned into clones of the students. “No way!”, Winnie exclaimed. Winnie’s clone bit into her arm making her yell like a dying girl. Everyone ran away from Dexter and the clones, but they followed in a bullet’s speed.

The students luckily found the rest of the classroom in a panic, trying to explain what happened to them and their fears. On the other side were the relatives, looking worried. Once Dexter saw the others, he started to multiply yet again and cloned the remaining Class 2 members. Dexter strangely cloned Vlad too, who was a part of the scene of the crime. “Guys!”, Violet exclaimed. “No time to talk now! Dexter!”. Bruno couldn’t say much since he experiencing such adrenaline. “What happened to Dexter?”, Nadia asked. “Wait. Wasn’t he the boy who took away Riley?”, Spencer asked on top of Nadia’s question. The ones who didn’t bear witness to what happened to Riley were stunned. Then Dexter came in with the clones of the Class 2 members, including Mrs. Garcia and Vlad.

“What the hell?! Is this normal!?”, Vlad yelled. “No. Not at all!”, Mrs. Garcia answered. She looked at her concerned students, then at the non-Class 2 member, Vlad. “Please leave this scene, right now!”, Mrs. Garcia commanded Vlad. He was shocked and confused. “Why?! I love action scenes!”, Vlad replied. Mrs. Garcia wasn’t going to take any of that, so she continued with Vlad’s non-sense.

“You… You Class 2 members have really doubted my class and classmates, haven’t you? Maybe even about my own kind?”, Dexter mysteriously said. Everyone was so puzzled by the rhetorical questions. “… Your own kind?”, Connor asked. Dexter stomped and didn’t even reply to what the shy boy said. “Attack!”, Dexter willfully commanded his clones.

The Class 2 members looked at each other, in determination and satisfaction. Everyone finally knew the answer to who was behind this scene. It was Dexter. A member of Class 3.

Chapter 12

Reunion

In the middle of the kindergarten hallway, the students and Mrs. Garcia were ready for a fight. A fight they weren't even close to prepared for. The students of Class 2, Vlad and Mrs. Garcia and their clones charged at each other, with Dexter watching all the chaos occur in front of his glooming eyes. Even if a lot of the students didn't have immense strength (especially compared to the supernatural clones) they still believe they have a fighting chance anyways.

Their charging turned into fighting. Punches, kicks, all the fighting styles combined into an interesting battle. Bashes, injuries were a common sight to see in the hectic battle. It was a battle of 22 vs 22.

Some of them paired up to battle, like Carly and Sarah. They were kicking with "grace". It's like they're ballerinas!

Some of them were in plain confusion between who is the real, and who is the fake. It is understandable. There's no physical different between the clones and the real thing. Only the mental difference is present, with the clones being much more malevolent and apathetic towards everything, while the real thing is filled with emotions and personality.

Meanwhile, Dexter was watching all of the action with a psychopathic mindset. He didn't want to feel anything for any students. He only felt a shred of empathy for his classmates. His classmates who would do anything he bids them to do which gives him a higher power than even the actual leader of the class, Peppermint (or Minty as they call her). Otherwise, he despises everyone else in the school, even his own

teacher, Mr. Mando. Possibly because he never does what Dexter commands him to do.

Miraculously, the students defeated their clones, but not by what anyone would imagine nor expect.

A classmate of Dexter came to the scene, looking disgusted and upset about all of this. It was a familiar girl. “Dexter, what are you doing?”, she yelled. That was the moment everyone froze. Stopped their fighting tracks. The clones even fade away into Dexter’s body, making him ‘shiver’. “Wh-why are you hurting Vlad?!”, the girl cried. “Eek! Blossom! I—“. Dexter got stopped by a boy who was walking towards him. It was an injured Riley and many of the other victims! “Dexter!”, the boy yelled. He stood up with his legs open, then ran through his classmates and into Dexter’s head, leaving him with a punch as a final blow. The punch didn’t injure Dexter in a bad way, though. “How could you! Doing all of this just for fun!?”, Riley yelled. “How did you come out!?”, Dexter said. He seemed to have changed the topic immediately and jumped into the concern of his victims leaving their room. “Ahem. You kidnapped the strongest person in the class. Big mistake, I know”, Riley said sarcastically. Dexter gulped and sweated, but he didn’t want to give up. He still stood strong, but changed completely once he saw the sad eyes of his classmate, Blossom. Dexter was trying his best to take his empathy away for Blossom, however, it was impossible for boy such as him!

“Why don’t we deal with him?”, a deep voice came.

It was Nadia’s father, standing strong with his wife! They were tough and tall. Perfect to beat a boy like Dexter! The boy was obviously afraid, trying to step back from Nadia’s parents, who were also stepping towards the boy. They got their fists ready, then pummeled

their synchronized arms into the boy, lifting him into the air. The boy screamed and cried.

“It was all your fault!”, Dexter suddenly pointed at Bruno. Bruno was shocked. What did he do? Apparently, he did do something, but it was long gone from the past. “What did I do?”, Bruno asked. He walked towards the tearing away Dexter slowly. “You… You lied about me!”, Dexter answered. Dexter got his head up at Bruno’s face and stared at him. “I lied about you?”, Bruno asked. Dexter cleared his throat which is trying to survive from the hardy punch. “Yes. You did! Didn’t you remember?”, Dexter asked. Bruno finally remembered. Bruno once spread rumors about Dexter back in their former school which caused Dexter to feel bitter towards Bruno. “I… I remember now…”, Bruno sighed. Bruno was on the verge of tearing up, as much as Dexter once did when rumors were being spread about him. “It was about you being an alien, right?”, Bruno asked. “I’m sorry for that. I thought it would be a joke with my friends, but, well, look at me now”, Bruno apologized. He stretched his arm towards Dexter, then sat down on the same level as the boy. “Would you forgive me?”, Bruno asked. Dexter went silent once he saw Mrs. Garcia behind Bruno. Bruno noticed right after Dexter closed his mouth.

“Oh! Mrs. Garcia!”, Bruno exclaimed. Mrs. Garcia was tapping her toes, but not in a joyful way. “Were you really the cause of all of this!?”, Mrs. Garcia yelled. Bruno closed his eyes and shivered in fear. He stood up as a way to admit that he was in the wrong and perhaps he was the true reason why this happened, until…

“It was me”, Dexter stood up as he was saying. “I was being petty”. Bruno was surprised. He’d usually see Dexter as an odd boy, but not a mature one, though he could’ve definitely matured too. It has been years since that happened. Mrs. Garcia sighed and accepted what

Dexter said as true. She turned to everyone else in the room. As soon as she did, Dexter whispered into Bruno's ear, "All those things you said? It was true". It was a feint whisper, yet Bruno could hear everything Dexter said clearly. He was right all along! "It wasn't you who caused this, because it was the truth. Heh. I'm only being the way I am", Dexter whispered more. Bruno was brought to be confused however. "If that's the case, then why did you turn yourself in?", Bruno asked. Dexter didn't answer, not even looking at Bruno's face. He just had a smile to the ground and chuckling. Bruno was obviously confused by Dexter's mixed signals.

"Dexter!", Mr. Mando yelled. He stepped forward to Dexter and was super mad. "You truly test my limits, don't you!?", Mr. Mando continued. Dexter didn't care whatsoever. He was only looking at Bruno's pale face and freckles. "And your classmates… Your classmates are going berserk because of you! Even Blossom is acting weird!", Mr. Mando said, pointing at Blossom, who was beside Aster at that point. "Since when am I not insane?", Blossom giggled in the background alongside Aster. "Psk. Take me home then", Dexter said without care. Mr. Mando was flustered by Dexter's apathetic attitude, but still took Dexter home either way. Dexter was oddly walking alone too. "I'll smell all of you later", Dexter said as he walked out of the hall. His teacher didn't even say anything about sending him back home!

Mr. Mando sighed in embarrassment and looked at Mrs. Garcia. He nearly blushed too. "I'm so sorry about this situation, Garcia", Mr. Mando apologized. Mrs. Garcia smiled and touched his shoulder. "It's fine! We're still friends either way!", Mrs. Garcia smiled. "Besides, it's your students who were causing this". Mr. Mando was smiling back, but it turned to a frown once he remembered every time Mrs. Garcia

called him a ‘friend’. Then the other teachers appeared. “Mr. Mando! Mrs. Garcia! You’re safe!”, Mrs. Delilah cheered as she and Mr. Barley came. “That’s nice to see!”, Mr. Barley smiled.

In the background, the students were celebrating, but the non-Class 2 students were afraid of facing the teachers. Some other students came too. “What happened?”, a boy asked. He had spiky hair with no sign of a curve around it. “It’s a long story”, Aster answered. “Have any of you seen Kevin?”, Vlad asked. Blossom and Aster were trying to remember. “We haven’t!”, Blossom answered. Vlad sighed. Then a tap appeared behind his shoulder. It was Kevin! “Hey, vampire boy!”, Kevin snapped his fingers. “Kevin! Come on! Let’s talk to Mrs. Delilah!”, Vlad instantly said. He dragged Kevin to Mrs. Delilah. “We got to have a talk with a teacher too!”, a girl said.

“Mrs. Delilah”, Vlad politely said. Mrs. Delilah noticed the duo and glared at them. “Ah. Want to have a talk with me, huh?”, Mrs. Delilah said. The duo gulped, though Vlad looked more afraid than Kevin for obvious reasons. The other teachers had a smile that only a devious villain would love. The other students were giggling at the karma the troublemakers were getting.

“Say, Riley, how did you get out of the room?”, Violet asked. Riley smiled and put his arms together. “It’s just my strength, Violet”, Riley answered. Violet was silent at first, then chuckled a bit. She didn’t understand what Riley meant, but she liked it anyways! Bruno was looking at Alex who was watching all of this happen in front of him.

Bruno was thinking about how things could work out in his school in terms of his social life. Things could turn upside down. Maybe things could turn…

Toxic?

The End